

Northampton.

Boston, July 23, 1848.

Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Wife:

84 I have an opportunity to send you a few lines, and therefore improve it, though I have nothing special to communicate. Aside from the daily incidents which occur under the Water Cure roof, (and these are very slightly varied, and of no interest to any but the patients,) there is nothing in all this region to stimulate the mind, <sup>excepting</sup> ~~exciting~~ a contemplation of the beautiful and grand in Nature — nothing occurring worth putting on record. Perhaps a continued residence in the country would operate upon me differently; but I have been so long accustomed to the bustle and excitement of a city life, that it is quite essential to the activity of my brain. My ideality is a large organ — so the phrenologists say, and so I believe; and if I were sufficiently transcendental to live in an ideal state, I could well enjoy the solitude of a country residence, where <sup>one</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>is</sup> cut off from intercourse with society. But I see too many things on terra firma, <sup>that need to be corrected or destroyed</sup> — the earth is too much stained with human blood — there are too many of my race suffering for lack of food, trampled beneath the hoofs of tyranny, plundered of sacred and inalienable rights, groping in mental darkness, victimized by those twin monsters bigotry and superstition, wallowing in the mire of sensuality, and sighing to be brought into the glorious "liberty of the sons of God," — to allow me to dwell <sup>in</sup> an ideal state, or to gaze upon imaginary rainbows in the clouds, pleasant as it might be under other circumstances: therefore my benevolence overtops my ideality, and makes me greatly prefer the practical to the fanciful. — I want, first of all, to see the horrid system of slavery abolished in this country; and then every thing else that is evil.



See what one can do, who has a tolerable share of firmness, when he has made up his mind to do it! I detest shams, deplore weaknesses, and have no opinion of cowardice, except "on instinct." You know how I used to revolt at the idea of a baptism of cold water at home — how flesh and blood recoiled at the thought of taking a bath fresh from the aqueduct. Well, here I have been almost a week; and every day, some four or five times, I have been packed in a wet sheet, or drenched from head to foot, or immersed all over, or subjected to a sitz bath, foot bath, &c. &c.; and in no instance have I uttered a groan, or heaved a sigh, or shed a tear, or faltered for a moment. Brava! Allow me to promise myself; that privilege is fairly mine by conquest; and you may add a "well done, husband," if you please. How I shall deport myself in a "crisis," I will not predict. At such a time, it is ~~not~~ lawful for every patient to have "the blues," but I believe in no case does any one lose his appetite. Every one is hungry here, and eager to hear the bell ring for breakfast, dinner or supper, though the fare is extremely simple — no coffee, no tea, no butter, no milk, (a spoonful or two of cream,) no meat, (except a lean slice by special permission,) no hot bread, no warm dish of any kind. No one gets the gout by over-eat; but if he has it, when he comes, he is infallibly cured of it; for, as Solomon sagely says, "where there is no fuel, the fire goeth out." You may think that I sigh for "the leeks and onions of Egypt," and murmur for meat as did the manna-suffered Israelites; but I don't. But enough of boasting.

As yet, I perceive no effect of the water upon my system; but to-morrow I am to commence wearing "pomentations," or wet compresses around the body. These will hasten a development. What this may be, it is not easy to predict; but every thing in good time. "Sufficient unto the day," &c.



Of the nineteen patients who are here, a majority are men. They are all well behaved, and very pleasant. I believe I am the gayest of the lot — perhaps <sup>it is</sup> because ~~that~~ I am the least advanced in the "cure." My organ of mirthfulness is constantly excited, especially when I see a dozen men gravely sitting in what is called the "sitz bath," being one of the number (excepting the gravity) myself. This "exceeds all power of face," it looks so comical — like a desperate, as well as unnatural, effort at incubation. Most of the females are young ladies, all of them remarkably silent, (for their sex, of course,) and none of them very interesting, (though I dare say they are all very worthy,) excepting a Miss Thayer from Rochester, N. Y., who, being a "Harrismian" abolitionist, and a thoroughgoing reformer, must, of course, be very agreeable. She reminds <sup>me</sup> a little of Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington, though younger by one half. She is a rigid Grahamite, and deems it wrong to take the life of any animal for food — even to destroy a spider or snake. She was surprised, she said, to see me, yesterday, take up a stone to kill a snake which lay across my pathway, a few yards from the house, with his forked tongue thrust out in self-defence; though he got away unharmed. She is well acquainted with the anti-slavery friends in Rochester; and her sister is governess to the children of Frederick Douglass. Her disease is scrofula.

Yesterday, my ~~esteemed~~ friend, and worthy abolition coadjutor, Mr. Stephens, of Plymouth, brought his sister-in-law, Mrs. Bartlett, to try the effect of the water cure in her case, which is one of incipient pulmonary consumption. He thinks he may himself come up next month, and go through a course, as his liver is badly affected. There does not seem to be any pro-slavery among the patients; if there really is, it has not been manifested by any word or sign, and I hope it will be washed out of them.



Bro. George is yet undetermined in regard to business. He is evidently at a loss to know what to do, and I wish I could relieve his mind on that score. He thinks, however, of visiting Andover and Boston in the course of a few days, and I hope you will be ready to come up to this place with him; though I will not urge you to do so, if for any reason you prefer to remain in Pine street. I long to see you and the children, especially my darling Fanny, whose likeness, as well as the best one of my own, you will please get at Mr. North's — telling him that I will settle with him for the same.

I shall want, when you come, another pair of thin pantaloons, cheap, to wear here, no matter of what stuff. Please send or call at Mr. Curtis's, in Ann street, who knows and keeps my measures, and he will doubtless be able to find a pair already made that will answer the purpose. If not, I can get a pair made in Northampton. Mr. Curtis, if he has a suitable pair, will charge the same to my account.

Bring with you, also, my best rubber overshoes; and if you have room, also my broad-toed pair of boots. I also need two more sheets.

Perhaps you had better buy two trunks, of a pretty good size. Friend Wallcut will readily buy them for you, and probably cheaper than you can. I hope he will be in funds, so that he can advance you the month's salary. You will need considerable here for incidentals, as well as some for board. I have had to buy towels, linen for drawers, jeans and linen for compresses and body jackets, &c. &c.; so that I have but a trifle left. Our weekly washing will be something of an item.

Charles is well, and anxious to see you all. He is far more quiet than at home, and goes to school every day, but is to have a vacation in a day or two. Little Sarah continues somewhat unwell, though she is a little better. Mrs. Rogers is still at George's. Mrs. Paul is slowly improving, but a burden. I enclose a note for our landlord, which you can read, seal, and direct, as I have forgotten his Christian name, and you will find it on his bill.

Yours, lovingly,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.